London Truth:"A wilful woman must | confused, with the hot color glowing have her way," says the old proverb; and, as far as I can see, it says the Nell St. Maur was a wilful woman, and she had her way, in spite of all my efforts to persuade her to the contrary. Whether she regretted it or not afterwards I don't know, and I don't suppose I ever shall know now, for many years have gone by since then, and it is safer to let sleeping dogs ile. Nell was the daughter of one of my oldest friends, and I had known her all her life. Dick Trevor was the son of another old friend, and I had known him all his life, too, Sir John St. Maud and Major Trevor were near neighbors. their estates marched and their children played together in the nursery.

I can't remember how I got to know that Nell loved Dick; perhaps by instruct. But, anyway, I was sorry to know it, for I did not think him good enough for her. Not that I did not like Dick-nobody could help liking himbut somehow Nell seemed made for better things than he had to offer. I was staying down at St. Maur Court when I made the discovery, so I had plenty of opportunities of watching the progress of events, and I availed myself of them to the utmost. Dick did not know that Nell loved him, or if he knew he made no sign. He followed his roving boylsh fancy whithersoever it chanced to lead him, without though or heed for the morrow. And Nell stood aside and waited, and if sometimes a fleeting shadow dimmed th radiance of her eyes nobody knew it or understood it save only I.

It seems such a short time since the day that Phyllis Hamilton came to the Court, though really it is more years than I care to count. I remember it as if it were only yesterday, and remember, too, the look that flashed into Dick's eyes as they fell on her sparkling childish face. I had never seen that look before ,and it hurtime like a knife-thrust for Nell's sake, I know that Nell saw it, too, for her face clouded a little, and presently she came over to my corner and sat down by me. Phyllis is very pretty, Colonel Malt-

land," she said. "Yes," I replied, "she's awfully pretty

I wished I could have said she was

not pretty, and I would have stretched a point to say it, if it had been possible; but really it was not possible. As she sat there in the June sunshine, with the brightness and glow of summer all about her and the magic light of youth in her shining eyes and on her laughing lips, she made such a perfect picture of warm, living lovely coloring that I could only look and admire.

A week later Dick came to me, his face alight with excitement and eager "Congratulate me, colonel," he cried,

holding out his hand, "Phyllis has promised to marry me, and I'm the lucklest chap in the world!" I took his hand and wrung it hard.

and, as I did so, the vision of Nell's sweet face and tander eyes came to my mind-the vision of all that he had "Blind!" I murmured to myself, "how

In the days that followed I, who

knew, fancied that Nell looked a little paler, a little sadder, but to the world she was always just her own bright self, and nobody guessed her /secretleast of all Dick and Phyllis. And they were such a happy pair, such a happy, laughing, heedless pair, more like two children playing at lovers than a man and woman about to be married. I could not help smiling as I watched them, and Nell smiled, too, and time

The news came to me like a thunderbelt. It was so utterly unexpected, so utterly inexplicable, that I did not know how to believe it, though it was Dick

"Phyllis and I have said good-bye for ever," he told me, looking very white and determined. "Everything is over and done with, and-and-please mention her name to me again, colonel. I was so surprised that at first I only

stared at him helplessly.
"Why," I asked at last, "what has happened, Dick?"

But Dick shook his head, looking whiter and more determined than ever

"I'm not going to say any more to you or anybody," he said. "Everythin is over and done with. That's enough."

I thought and thought but I could no solve the mystery, and Nell came to me with wonder in her eves

you think what it can be, Colonel Maitland?".
"No," I answered, "I wish I could,"

Dick changed after that, and his face did not quite lose the white determined look that it had worn when he came to me that day. He grew graver and older, and when he laughed his laughter had a bitter ring that was new to it. Sometimes he talked with a reckless then Nell used to look at him with

wistful tenderness.
"If I could only help him," she would say to me afterwards; "if I could do something for him."

But what was there that she could

Time went on aguin, and then a secnd thunderbolt fell I was smoking on the terrace one evening when Nell came to me and slipped her hand through my arm, and looked at me with a new look in her eyes.

"Dick has asked me to marry him, Colonel Maitland," she said.

My feelings were so mixed that just for the moment I did not know what to piexed silence. "His heart is so sore," she went on.

"He will never love me as he loved Phyllis, but he thinks I can give him Back some of the happiness that he has lost. Poor old Dick!"

I found my voice then, "And you," I said sharply, "have loved him all your life, Nell." She looked at me again, startled and

and fading in her cheeks.

"Row do you know?" she asket "How have you guessed my secret?"

I smiled down at her. "I am not quite blind, though I am a mere man," I answered, "and I know you so well, Nell."

She smiled back and pressed a little closer to me. "It's a contrary world," she said, half

in jest, half in sadness, "Yez," I said, "it's a contrary world. and it always will be. And now tell me

all about you and Dick." I spoke rather sharply, for the wholuffair seemed to me one-sided, and if there is anything I specially hate it is

Nell looked away.

"There seems so little to tell," she murmured, "Dick came to me to-day and asked me to marry him, and I-and

"Yes!" I said. "And you?" She turned to me again with a look

that perplexed me. "Do you know what it was that cam

between him and Phyllis?" she said. "Why no," I answered, "you know J don't.'

"I never knew till to-day," she said. "but he told me to-day, and I want to tell you. Do you remember-do you remember that old story?"

I started as if I had been shot. "That old story!" I cried. "That old

story! Good heavens, Neil; you don't mean to tell me that it was that?" "Yes," she said, "it was that."
"Good heavens!" I exclaimed again.
Somebody raked it up and told it to

Phyllis, I suppose?"
"Yes," Nell answered in the same grave way. "Somebody told it to Phyllis, and she believed it, and Dick-

"Oh. Dick was too proud to explain or deny it, of course!" I cried, for I knew the boy well. "He told her that if she liked to believe it she might."

"Yes," said Nell, "and Phyllis said that he must either explain the story or give her up, and—"

"And he gave her up." I concluded.

"And he gave her up." I concluded.
"Yes, that's Dick all over."
Nell looked at me with wide, sad

eyes. "How different women are," she said. How strange it seems not to trust the inn one loves through everything."
"You nver doubted him," I returned,
"No, never," she said, "never for a noment. I couldn't.".

I sighed. "Ah well," I said, "if all women wer

"Ah well." I said, "if all women were like you the world would be such a different place, Nel."

And then my thoughts went back to the past, and I recalled the details of the story that had served to part Dick and Phyllis. It was quite an old story, for it had happened in Dick's undergraduate days, and I had thought it was done with. I need not tell the Jetails, but a friend of Dick's had managed to get into an awkward scrape, and Dick. out a friend of Dick's had managed to get into an awkward scrape, and Dick, with the reckless generosity that was his strongest characteristic, had taken the blame on himself, and so snielded the real culprit until he was able to es-cape from the consequence of his rash-ness. Then the truth had gradually be-come known, and Dicks' friends had triumphed in his innocence. Not that his friends had ever really doubted him have some his friends had ever really doubted him, but every man has his enemies, and Dick was no exception to the rule. And

busy thoughts I wonder," she said, "how I had bet-

him!" I said.

She frowned again.

"Yes, but I'm not going to marry him," she returned.

She sighed softly.
"Yes, I love him," she said: "I love

him too well to let him throw him away on a woman he doesn't love,"
I said nothing, I was puzzled and
did not understand; but I am not the

#### SORES AND ULCERS.

Sores and Ulcers never become chronic unless the blood is in poor condition - is aluggish, weak and unable to throw off auggisti, weak and unable to throw off the poisons that accumulate in it. The system must be relieved of the unhealthy matter through the sore, and great danger to life world follow she lid it heal before the blood has been made pure and healthy and all impurities eliminated from the system, S.S.S. begins the cure by first cleansing and invigorating the blood, building up the general health and removing from the system A OOWSTANT DRAIN all morbid, WOON TANK OVER A CONTRACT OF THE SYSTEM OF THE SY

effetematter. UPON THE SYSTEM. effetematter.
When this has been accomplished the dis-charge gradually ceases, and the sore or ulcer heals. It is the tendency of these old indolent sores to grow worse and worse, and eventually to destroy the bones. Local and eventually to destroy the tones. Local applications, while soothing and to some extent alleviate pain, cannot reach the seat of the trouble. S. S. S. does, and no matter how apparently hopeless your condition, even though your constitution has broken down, it will bring relief when nothing

down, it will bring relief when nothing else can. It supplies the rich, pure blood necessary to heal the zore and nourish the dehilitated, diseased body.

Mr. J. B. Tatbert, Lock Box as, Winons, Miss, says; "Sle years ago my leg from the knee to the foot was out solid soors. Several, physicians treated me and if made two ripsets list springs, but found no recent to supplie the property of the property of the property will man ever since." I have been a perfectly well man ever since."

feetly well man ever since. "

is the only purely vegetable, blood, purifier known—contains no, poisonous minerals to ruin the digestion and add to, rather than relieve your sufferings. If your flesh does not heal readily when scratched, bruised or cut, your blood is to had condition, and any ordinary sore

s art to become chronic.
Send for our free book and write our
bysicians about your case. We make no physicians about your case. We make no charge for this service.

Serum treatment for drunkenness is no new thing. Dd Crevally, of Sydney,

Arst man who has failed to understand a woman at the psychological moment. "I wonder how I had better set about it?" Nell said a sain. "You will help me if you can, won't you, Colonel Maitland? Think of Dick—poor old Dick!" I looked down at her uplifted face. "I am thinking of Dick." I said, "and think it's cruel kindness to help him win a doll for his wife instead of a woman. And, then, being in a sentimental mood, quoted a verse of poetry. "With live woman and men to be found in the worl!—

in the world—
Live with sorrow and sin, live with pain and with passion—
Who could live with a doll, tho' its locks should be curled.
And its petticeats timmed in the fashion?"

fashion?"

Nell shook her head, and a tremulous smile-half whimsical, half wistful, wholly tender—flashed over her.

"He likes the doll better," she said.
"Let him have it."

I have made it a rule through life not to argue with women, but I broke through my rule on that occasion, and did my best to persuade Nell to my way of thinking. Of course, I did not succeed. It was all waste of time, as I might have known it would be.

Neil took her own way, after the man.

might have known it would be.

Nell took her own way, after the manner of women, and somehow the brought Dick and Phyllis together, and smoothed away doubt and distrust on the one side and rentiment and wounded pride on the other, and made them lovers once more. Dick had his doll again, and he was happy; too.

"They are only children," she said to me as we stood together on the terrace. "I am so giad I was able to help them.

My eyes followed hers, and rested on Dick and Phyllis as they wandered arm in arm across the lawn, their curly heads very near together, their careless laughter ringing through the stillness of the summer evening.

"They are only children," I answered, echoing her words, "but most of the sacrifices of the world are made for the sake of the children, Nell."

Yes, as I said before, it was a one-sided affair, but I could not alter it, and so I had to let it be. One has to let

so I had to let it be. One has to is a good many things be in this world.

#### SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

The New Forestry-Famine Forecasting-Furnace Achievements - The Conquest of Hail Clouds-Liquid Air Explosives - Phosphorescence in a Magnetic Field-Ineffective Inoculation-A New Horn-Slate Paint. The modern practice of the forestry

chools of France and Germany is stated by Mr. John Simpson to be the checking of the latest growth of tretrunks by closely surounding them with smaller trees. These are the advantages claimed: The general theory of the system is that thick planting at the outset, and dense culture throughout, are the first essentials in the production of good timber; that thick planting leads to the early formation of the overhead canopy, promotes growth in height and protects the soil, preserving its fertility, and keeping it more uniform in temperature and moisture than where more exposed; that density, or crowding, causes early struggle for existence, in which the trees while young lose their lower branches, becoming from knots and more cylindrical in stems; and that the yield of timber to the acre is greater than by any other system. The European foresters consider that oak timber is at its best when the tree is 150 years old, and that elm. ash and beech reach maturity in about

The famine-causing droughts of India are found by Mr. E. D. Archibald to have some connection with the sun-spot cycle, although with sufficient irregu-Dick was no exception to the rule. And off course, it was an enemy who had stirred up this half-forgotten mud and flung it in the face of the woman he loved. An enemy—but who? I could not help wondering, though, after all, that it was a side issue, and in no way, affected the point of the story. For the point was that someone had told the scandal to Phyllis, and she had believed it, and Dick had refused to explain or deny it, and so they had parted. So much is soft voice broke in upon my busy thoughts. larity to prevent trustworthy predicis also a tendency to summer drought the abnormal high pressure prevailing

"I wonder," she said, "how I had better set about it."

I roused myself from the reverie into which I had fallen.
"How you had better set about what?" I asked.
She frowned a little.
"About reconciling Dick and Phylls," she answered thoughtfully. "Of course, they must be brought together again, and it ought to be easy enough, but sometimes things are so difficult."
I looked at her in amazement.
"But Dick has asked you to marry him!" I said.
She frowned again. yet exist, and which he supposes to be silver-white, flexible and strong,

> at a German colliery about three years ago, are being systematically continued at one of the largest factories for explosives in Europe. The explosive compound is formed by adding some car conaceous substance, and many different mixtures have been studied, some of them proving very dangerous on aceen lately obtained with equal parts of paraffin and charcoal, the filled cartridge being soaked in liquid air or having the liquid poured into the wrapper In practical mining, a probable method would be to take a tank of liquid air to the working place, and then deposit in it a wire basket of cartridges, allowing these to remain until the moment of using. Complete scaking requires about ten minutes. A cartridge 8 inches long unces when filled with a mixture of klerelguhr; tar and tar oil, and it absorbs 24% ounces of liquid air. So rapid is the deterioration that it would e necessary to use a cartridge of this size within fifteen minutes rafter removal from the vital fluid. With car bon materials of the petroleum variety and highly-oxygenated liquid air, it is possible to obtain an explosive compound of greater strength Can blasing relatine, but safer mixtures are less strong.

If phosphorescence is due to vibration f material particles, it would seem that magnetism might affect it. Taking long tubes of sulphide of lime, sulphide of zine, nitrate of aranium, and ther more or less phosphorescent substances, Mr. Alexandre de Hamptione ons placed a portion of their strength inder the influence of powerful magnets, but in no case could any influence upon the phosphorescence be detected. The tubes remained uniformly lighted and uniformly lessening.

# Truth

about women's ills can be frankly told by one woman to another.

Remember that Mrs. Pinkham is a woman. Rememberthatheradvice and medicine have oured a million women of weaknesses peculiar to their SRX.

Remember that no man ever sees a letter written to Wrs. Pinkham for advice, that the letter is opened, read and answered by women, and no testimonial over published without special permission.

Remember that Lydia E. Pinicham's Vegetable Compound is the recognized safeguard of woman's health.

Remember these things when some other remedy is suggested, and remember them when you want advice. Mrs. Pinkham's address is Lynn, Mass.

has tested it for two years, inoculation with serum from a long-intoxicated calf, and has been forced to conclud. that the lessening of the appetite for liquor noted for two or three days is due entirely to imagination. Inccula tions with water had the same tempor ary effect.

The roadside trees about Salem southern India, are mostly tamarina, whose fruit is sold, but whose scanty shade is said to be so harmful that ca: tle never seek it and vegetation dies in it.

The progress made up to July in eeping hall from crops by cannon-firing has been reported by V. Vermorel. non is used, and trigonometric measurement shows that the atmospheric whirl set up by its discharge may reach a height of more than a mile The motion produced in the clouds transforms the hall into rain. In experience in the Rhone Valley, it has been found that each gun protects about sixty acres, the cost of the station being a lit tle less than \$1 per acre, and the annual expense of maintenance-allowing for 500 shots-about sixty-five cents per acre. Prompt and concerted action is fidence felt in the system is indicated by the fact that 15,000 shooting station have been already established in Italy, while insurance companies have luced their premiums 33 per cent in protected districts.

Hardened caseln, more or less opaque has long been used as a substitute for horn and similar materials. To make a clear solution that dries into a transparent horny substance. A. Spitteler, of Prien, Bavaria, swells the finely divided dry casein in three or four times Its weight of water, and then adds about one-tenth as much caustic soda in the form of a five per cent solution. On standing a couple of hours, the jelly at first formed separates into a clear Hould and a sediment, and the liquid

This method of producing artificial slate is given by a German authority: Solid potash, water glass and soda water glass, one part of each, are finely powdered in a mortar, and boiled ninety minutes in twelve parts of soft water. when they are completely dissolved. A pulp is then made by grinding seven parts of natural slate with one part of lampblack. This is added to the water glass solution, and the rather thick mass is brushed upon tin plates, previously roughened with sandstone

The curious fact has been noticed that in hundreds of photographs of athletes, taken at the instant of victory, only one shows a pleasant expression.

Old Tennessee Democrat on Bryanism Boston Evening Herald: Joseph of them proving very dangerous on ac-count of high inflammability and too known in southern political circles, was sudden detonation. Good results have questioned last night at the Touraine questioned last hight at the fouraine on the present political situation in the south. Said he: "The Democratic party to-day is an old woman dancing frantically to the music of William Jennings Bryan's pistol practice. With skirts grasped tightly and lifted high, she is hopping ungracefully up and down while Bryan cheers her on, shouting 'Dance, old lady, dance!'

down while Bryan cheers are on, shout-ing 'Dance, old lady, dance!'.
"I was a Democrat, but I refused to submit to a man who is worse than an imperialist, who is an absolute dictator of his party and who, if he could, would be absolute dictator of the -American "Silver is not the most damnable

thing about the platform on which Bryan stands. The clause, 'We are op-posed to the law by injunction,' means anarchism and riot,"

Sam Jones' Rhetoric. Preachers ain't got no wings. I've lept with them. I've seen them with

their coats off.

A first class preacher should be a mixture between a billy goat and a mule. He could butt with one end and kick with the other.

I wouldn't care if the whole world thought I was a hypocrite, just so long as God and Sam Jones thought I wasn't.

their coats off.

Accidents Will Happen. Accidents Will Happen. — John Brown, a G. A. R. veteran, of 2445 Marshall street. Philadelphia, says: "By a mere accident I came across Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. I was a great sufferer from that dread malady—Catarrh. This wonderful remedy effected a speedy and permanent cure, and I have been so thankful that I am willing to spend much time in spreading the good news." Sold by Charles R. Goetze, Twelfth and Market streets.——16.

CASTORIA Barre the Bignature Chart Hillithins

## SOME GOOD STORIES \*\*\*\*OF FAMOUS WRITERS

00

An Impressive Lesson.

Roman history, says the Youth's Comcanlon. Among our most loved and honored guests, during our childhood, was Dr. Samuel Cox, for many years a prominent clergyman in New York. At times our conversation turned on history, and

I remember, on one occasion, he asked

Edward and me if we could give him

the names of the First Roman Trium-

name "Cassar" was associated exclusively with an old colored man, whom we often visited, and who lived with a street of the colored was associated exclusively with an old colored man, whom we often visited, and who lived was a street of the colored was a lonely road in the neighborhood. We were vastly actonished, therefore to my police card!" learn that the name had ever been borne by a more illustrious person than our to the story of the rivalries of Cassar

Unharpfly the good doctor could not vir, and the lack troubled him greatly That night, about 2 o'clock, I was star tled by a loud knock on my badroom door, and Dr. Cox called out: "I replied that I was-as indeed was every one else in the house by that

"It's Crassus," said the doctor, and then he returned to his room, greatly relieved.

Neither Edward nor I over forgot that first lesson in Roman history.

Kipling Was Hungry.

Here is an amusing story which is writer in Mainly About People. After the siege of Kimberley they were both staying at a beautiful little Dutch farm, the home of one of Mr. Rhodes' managers. One morning early the flag was hauled down from the flagstaff. probably by some rebels, and the manager was so afraid lest Rhodes' keen eye should notice it, that he hurriedly begged the privilege of showing him round the fruit farms before breakfast. Mr. Kipling, who was in a dramy mood, stayed behind. But dreaminess presently gave place to hunger as time Rhodes did not appear. On their way home Mr. Rhodes and the manager were surprised to come across, on every tree they passed, big placards bearing in bold, black letters, such senten "Famine; We are Starving; Feed Us." and this sort of thing went on until they got to the front door, where they found written in still more startling type: For the Human Race.

#### Breakfast.

Purifies the Mind-Invigorates the Sys tem: It has Sustained Thousands; It will Susutain You. See that You

Get It. And inside, on every available wall and door there were placards getting stronger until they came to, "Why Die When a Little Breakfast Prolongs Life?" "It is Late." "It is Still Later." Until at last they came to the little room where Kipling sat waiting for his breakfast, innocent, but hungry. It was, of course, the characteristic was of the author of "Stalky & Co."

#### Stories of Mark Twain.

Mark Twain, like many other notabil-lites, has been assailed with the question of what books have influenced him says the Golden Penny Magazine, and to one inquirer he replied with characteristle courtesy and humor: "The books that have most influenced my life? With pleasure. This is the list: 'Innocence Abroad,' 'Roughing It,' 'Roughing It,' 'Huckleberry Finn,' 'Prince and Pau-'Tom Sawyer,' 'Yankee at the Court of King Arthur, 'Personal Reminiscences of Joan of Arc,' 'Pudd'nhead | Fortunately the author's reputation is Wilson, 'Following the Equator,' and quite too well established to suffer any the publications of the late firm of serious jar from a failure in a field not Charles L. Webster & Co."

Another correspondent, who was evidently anxious that the books which had influenced Mark should influence her, wrote requesting him to send her some of his books for sale at a church bazar. Clemens complied with her rejuest, and instructed his publishers in the following terms: "Please charge £2 several of my books, making a discount to me that will make the £2 go as far as possible, for the cause is a plous one. Don't send the books to me. Send them to Mrs. —, Birmingham. I don't know the lady, but she applied to me on behalf of her husband's church. Going to hold a church fair there, and wants some of my books to sell to the godly. I have asured her that the same shall be done. I being rather down on the Nor in his distress does his humor fortake him. When the reporters elreulated the story that Mark Twain was dying in poverty in London, he observed gravely, "Yes, I am dying-of course, I am dying. But I do not know that I am going to do it faster than anybody else."

#### An Editor's Dramatic Entrance.

That a widely known editor, eve though the father of a still more famous son, is sometimes caught off his guard, was shown at a recent meeting in Philadelphia, says a writer in the Saturday Evening Post. It was a great mass meeting at one of

and crowds besieged the entrances. So turbulent was the crowd even at the stage door that it was locked on the inside. The messenger boys for the newswindow of the green room. The boys down into an enclosure, clamber up on window sill, and then, when the window was opened, drop down to the floor inside.

ted. But before the window could be closed there loomed up, on the high sill, the form of a man. He was well dress-

A sister of the late E. P. Ros tells an amusing story of the first lesson which she and her brother ever received in had clambered to the sill, and stood there, polsed like a blid about to flutter down from a tree branch. His knees

"Hello, there! Go back, you!" cried a

A shade of pained annoyance came over the climber's face "My good man, I'm Mr. -

"Don't care! Can't come in; go back!"

"I'm a newspaper man. See! He

The pollecman became tolerantly suave at once, and the man dropped to ducky friend; but we listened entranced | the floor, straightened out his coat and cuffs, and walked smilingly to the stage. and Pompey for the empire of the It was Mr. Clarke Davis, editor of the father of Mr. Richard Harding Davis.

#### Ruskin on the Locomotive. The following description of a locon

tive from Ruskin's pen is a beautiful piece of word painting, says the Chicago Journal: "I cannot express the amazed awe the

crushed humanity, with which I sometimes watch a locomotive take its breath at a railroad station, and think what work there is in its bars and wheels, and what manner of men they must be who dig brown fronstone out of the ground and forge it into that! What assemblance of accurate and mighty faculties in them; more than fleshy told of Kipling by Cecii Rhodes, says a power over melting crag and coiled fire, fettered and finesses at last into the precision of watchmaking; Titanian hammer strikes, beating out of lavis these glittering cylinders and timely re spondent valves and fine ribbed rods, which touch each other as a serpen writhes in noiseless gliding and omnipotence of grasp; infinitely complex anatomy of active steel, compared with which the skeleton of a living creature would seem to a careless observer clumsy and vile-a mere morbid secre

tion and phosphatous prop of flesh!
"What would the men who though out this, who beat it out, who touche it into its polished calm of power, who set it to its appointed task and triumphantly saw it fulfill its task to the ut most of their will, feel or think about this weak hand of mine, timidly leading a little stream of water color which I cannot manage into an imperfeshadow of something else-mere failure in every motion and endless disappoint What, I repeat, would these iron dominant genli think of me, and what ought I to think of them?"

#### Max O'Rell's New Novel.

To the shrewd observer, competent craftsman and witty raconteur like Max O'Rell it probably looked an easy task indeed to write a novel, says a writer in the Saturday Evening Post. It is more than likely that he has change his mind; or at least has come to realize that it is harder to write a good novel than to write one such as Woman and Artist."

The story is, of course, developed with intelligence; and a sparkle of epigram cannot but show, once in a grea while, on the pages which have passed under Max O'Rell's pen. But the char acters have about the flexibility of clothes-pins, the vital warmth of puppets worked on wires. If they were a little more real, the folly of their actions would be exasperating; but, as it is, no reader will blame them for anything they do. The whole performar is commonplace, dull (how did Max O'Rell achieve dullness?) mechanicai, and lacking in psycological perception It is manifestly written for the trade. his own.

#### No Joke in That.

Brooklyn Life: "You Americans," said the London young man, as he stopped sucking his cane, "are always sinuating that we Englishmen don't know what a real joke is. Now, just hold your sides while I go over this one which I read in a home paper a week

ago:
"'The countess—M'lord, you were at the grand dinner last night, were you not? Just a while ago I heard one of those vulgar Americans make the remark that this morning you had a big

head. "The duke-But, m'lady, there's

"The duke—But, m'lady, there's nothing in it."

The American looked as sober as a criminal court judge.
"Well?" he asked.
"Don't you see," explained the disgusted Britisher, poking the other in the ribs with his cane, "the countess says some one accused her companion (hal) of having a big head (hal hal), and he declares. (nah), hal) threes? and he declares (p-ah! ha!)

"Yes, but—"
"Blarsted idiocy, but what?"
"Her companion was a duke." Yes." And not any different from the rest

"And not any different from the rest of the English nobility?"
"No. But the joke, the joke! It is so adrotly put. In apparent inadvertence" (desperately) "the duke admits there is nothing in his head! Now, do you see?"
"Well, it's a little strange that the
duke could make such a frank and candid admission, but—where does the
joke come in?"

#### A Wonderful Young Man.

Boston Evening Record: Jame Walsh, member of the stock exchange of Cripple Creek, is forty-eight years of age, was a grandfather three years ago and smokes at least forty cigars every

LORD COLERIDGE wrote: "Send me fifteen dozen Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Wine. I tried it while here and find it superior."

Bears the Bignature Chart Fletchers

#### AGONY

Fain so acute as to amount to positive agony as part of theuma-tism, neutralpia, lumbaro, sciatica, gout and other diseases for which Tongaling is the special remedy.

Too often morphine is given to quiet this pain and to save the ner-vous system from wreels. But morphine would never cure the disease. External application of lotious and limiments are equally ineffective for

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